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Be it understood that it is not the total abandonment of playing from memory that we are advocating, for on all informal occasions half the listener's pleasure is taken away if the book is indispensable to the player. It is only against the exhibition of feats of memory, both at recitals and more especially in the performance of concertos, that we would wage war. The consciousness of the danger attending a break-down is on such occasions present, both with audience and performer; and it must, in the nature of things, interfere with the *rapprochement* that should exist between them. The danger is a very real one, in spite of the comparative rarity of a *contretemps*. No amount of practice or experience can make the player absolutely safe. The greatest violinist in the world came to a standstill, on one celebrated occasion, in a sonata by Handel; and an English musician of note abstained for several years from public appearance, in consequence of a slip of memory in a violin concerto. Such accidents are scarcely more painful for the player than for the audience, whose pleasure is in most cases quite destroyed for the remainder of the concert.

It is a mistake to suppose that the very greatest artists are unanimously in favour of playing by heart, though all are perfectly capable of doing so. Several distinguished performers have, on various occasions, uttered a practical protest against the custom, even though they themselves give in to it far more often than not. Mr. Charles Hallé and Miss Agnes Zimmermann think it no shame to play even a single solo at a concert from book; and Madame Schumann makes it a rule never to play concerti from memory, though she is one of the few who justify the expression "by heart," and though her memory retains the slightest directions for expression, and seems perfectly inexhaustible. In "Music-Study in Germany" Miss Fay tells us how Madame Schumann feels the burden of being compelled by custom to commit to memory so large a number of musical works. It is to be wished that an intrepid stand against the universality of the practice could be made by those young artists who hold prominent positions among us. If, for instance, Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Max Pauer, and others, who have already caught the ear of the public, would combine in protesting against the despotism of the audience which would banish music-books from the platform altogether, it would be an immense advantage to the art.

If we have spoken hitherto chiefly of the piano, it is because the question assumes the gravest aspect in connection with that instrument. Pianoforte recitals occur more frequently than any other kind of concert, and it is at these that the greatest harm is done. Violin recitals and vocal recitals are as yet in their infancy, and at the latter, as, for example, given by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, the artists do not perform exclusively by heart, nor is their "astounding memory" made into a special attraction. Besides, it will be obvious to every one that to commit to memory a violin solo or a song is a very simple task compared with learning one of the great sonatas of Beethoven, or any work in which a whole web of harmony, not merely a single part, has to be retained in the mind, although this last presents no difficulty that perseverance cannot overcome. When we compare it with the real phenomenon—justly so-called—presented by Herr Richter, conducting a symphony by Beethoven, or an entire opera by Wagner, from memory, the pianist's marvels fade into insignificance. Here is an "astounding feat" truly, and one that we may hope to witness on many future occasions. We carefully abstain from expressing a wish to see any other conductor emulate the performance, for we know not with whom else we could feel absolutely secure from all possibility of a catastrophe. If a composer chooses to conduct his own work without book, there is no reason why he should not do so. It may be presumed that he knows the ins and outs of his own composition sufficiently well, and the same may be said of the virtuoso-composers who play their own pieces. In fact, in such cases, the presence of the music seems almost like an affectation. But to return to the great German conductor, it will be found that his practice of directing by heart is by no means an absolute rule. The symphonies of Beethoven, the excerpts from Wagner and from Liszt, are conducted from memory, but with the exception of these, and a few other works, all else is conducted by Herr Richter in the ordinary way, so that his procedure is a silent but not less strong protest against the fashion which is increasing amongst us, and the evil effect of which we have endeavoured to point out. A really astounding feat, but one which by means of its spontaneity, was not merely pardonable, but to be sincerely admired, was performed by Mons. Dupont's orchestra in Brussels, on the occasion of Wagner's death, the news of which arrived during a rehearsal. The entire orchestra and their conductor performed on the spur of the moment and without a scrap of music, the prelude to *Die*

Meistersinger, and the impression of this spontaneous effort is described as overpowering by one who was present. This exception may finally serve to prove the rule which we have endeavoured to establish.

HISTORY OF THE PRIMA DONNA.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

(Continued from page 84.)

The London public must, at the beginning of the 18th century, have been strongly predisposed towards operatic music, in which, what chiefly pleased it was apparently the singing; since the pieces, to judge by the accounts handed down to us, were entirely wanting in dramatic merit, while the music fitted to them, instead of being written expressly for the words, had for the most part been borrowed from various inappropriate sources. One opera, *Pyrrhus and Demetrius* (the music arranged by Nicolo Haym, from the original of Adriano Morselli), was played at increased prices for no less than thirty nights. The success was apparently due to the strength of the cast, which included Margherita de L'Epine and Mrs. Tofts in the leading parts, the mysterious "Baroness," and the favourite male singer named Valentini in the minor ones.

This was the last work in which the beautiful Catherine Tofts appeared. Soon afterwards a terrible misfortune befell her. Her brain gave way; and the enemies of Italian opera pretended that she had become demented through extravagant joy at her own stage triumphs. "This lady," wrote Steele in the *Tatler*, "entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted that when she had finished her part she could not think of retrenching her equipage but would appear at her own lodging with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This greatness of soul has reduced that unhappy princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time amid the woods and forests, thinking of the crowns and sceptres she has lost, even humming in her solitude

I was born of royal race,
Yet must wander in disgrace.

But for fear of being overheard, and her quality known, she usually sings it in Italian.

'Nacqui al regno, nacqui al trono,
E pur sono
Sventurata.'

This verse is from one of the airs which the unfortunate prima donna had sung with striking success in the opera of *Camilla*.

Mrs. Tofts recovered from her painful malady, but did not return to the stage. It has already been said that she became the wife of a rich connoisseur, Mr. Joseph Smith, who soon after his marriage received the appointment of British Consul at Venice, where he and his beautiful, but still somewhat deranged wife, lived for many years.

Margherita de l'Epine had now the public entirely to herself. But though she still retained the favour of London audiences, her eighteen years' performances had probably not improved her voice; and when, in 1710, Handel formed a company for the production of *Rinaldo*, Margherita was not one of the singers whom he thought fit to engage. Finding that she had lost favour, a great *impresario* of those days, Mr. Aaron Hill, treated her with but scant politeness. Margherita, like more than one prima donna of the present time, had a favourite parrot, and she taught the gifted bird to sing the first line of Handel's *Giulio Cesare* "non e vago e bello." In rude allusion to the fact that the parrot was often

seen at the open window of Mdlle. de l'Epine's house, whence he poured forth his melodious strains to the admiration of the passers-by, the manager, having occasion to write to her, addressed his letter to "Mdlle. de l'Epine, at the sign of the Italian Parrot." Enraged at his insult, she wrote back declining to have any further dealings with him, to which he replied that he could "very well spare her if she would send her feathered pupil."

In spite of this little incident, Margherita continued to sing; and in 1714 she appeared, doubtless to her own disadvantage, side by side with the rising star, Anastasia Robinson, in the opera of *Creso*. She still went on singing, however; and it was not until 1722, when she had been thirty years on the stage, that the public was to hear the last of her.

Catherine Tofts and Margherita de L'Epine were succeeded by Anastasia Robinson, who for some years was the leading singer in Italian opera. She was the daughter of a Mr Robinson, a portrait-painter of merit, who went to Rome to study the pictorial art, and acquired there a knowledge of music. He educated his two daughters with great care as singers. One of them married at an early age a Colonel Bowles and retired from "the profession." The other, Anastasia, achieved great success, and filled the principal parts in Italian opera from 1814 to 1824, when, being already secretly married to the distinguished commander, Lord Peterborough (who proved himself in Spain one of the most rapid marchers and most energetic fighters ever known) she abandoned the stage. Her withdrawal is said to have been hurried by some ridiculous protestations of love, followed by unseemly familiarities, on the part of the male soprano, Senesino. Enraged at this ignoble rivalry, Lord Peterborough caned the offender behind the scenes till he fell on his knees and yelled for mercy. This strange affair is noticed by Lady Mary Wortley Montague in one of her letters. "The second heroine," she says, meaning Anastasia Robinson, "has engaged half the town in arms from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear too near approach of Senesino in the opera, and her condescension in her acceptance of Lord Peterborough for a champion, who has signalized both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope [afterwards Lord Chesterfield] as dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains."

Though legally married to Anastasia, Lord Peterborough thought it beneath his dignity to acknowledge her as his wife. The fact that he was married seems, however, to have been an open secret; for the entertainments given by the Earl of Peterborough, over which Anastasia Robinson, as she was still called, presided, were attended by persons of the best repute. This eccentric nobleman had a passion for cooking, which he attributed to his having been frequently obliged, when he was in Spain, to prepare his own dinner. "Such was the force of habit," says the ingenious Hawkins, "that till disabled by age, his dinner was constantly of his own dressing. Those who have dined with him at Parson's Green say that he had a dress for the purpose, like that of a tavern cook, and that he used to retire from his company an hour before dinner time, and, having despatched his culinary affairs, would return properly dressed, and take his place among them." At last, in 1735, Lord Peterborough fell dangerously ill, and being at Mount Bevis, near Southampton, begged his wife to come to him. She would only do so on condition that, while still keeping to her maiden name, she might at least be allowed to wear her wedding

ring. This, after a struggle, he consented to. Then he was advised by his physicians to go to Lisbon; and here Anastasia refused absolutely to accompany him unless he recognized her publicly as his wife. Without telling her of his resolution, he begged her to meet a party of his relatives and friends at St. James's Palace, in an apartment occupied by one of his nephews—Mr. Pointz. When the company had assembled, the Earl rose and made a speech in honour of "Miss Anastasia Robinson." He rendered the fullest justice to her many excellent qualities, and ended by declaring that he had at length determined to do what he ought to have done long before: to declare his marriage, and present her to all his friends as his wife. With such energy and such feeling did he speak, that poor Anastasia, quite unprepared for the scene, fainted away.

Lord and Lady Peterborough went to Lisbon. But the earl did not long survive the voyage. After his death Anastasia retired to Mount Bevis, where, with the exception of a few visits to her early friend, the Duchess of Portsmouth, she passed the rest of her life. Her husband's memoirs came into her hands; but after looking through them she decided not to offer them to the public. They would scarcely have redounded to his credit, for they are said to have contained his confession that before attaining the age of twenty he had committed three capital crimes.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

RECENT MUSIC.

Messrs. Ricordi send a batch of new songs, amongst which the contributions of two composers astonish us by their unexpectedness. In the first place, Miss Maude White's new songs, "How do I love thee," and "Forget not yet," are below the level of her usual attainments. She is hampered by the cumbrous metre in which both sets of words are couched, though both sets are exceedingly beautiful. To the first, selected from Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," is prefixed as motto a passage from the "Journal intime" of H. F. Amiel, but the music does not repay all this literary research. It is vague and lacking in purpose. The destination of the melodies in both songs is very uncertain, and the feeling of tonality is so insufficient that the modulations fail entirely in interest. The other surprise in store for the critic is a group of songs by Signor Tosti, all three of which are marked by artistic refinement and great beauty. It may seem ungracious, now that the better work has come, but we cannot but express our regret that the composer has not shown us more frequently what he could do in the direction of thoughtful songs, written to please musicians rather than the drawing-room public. "La mia mandola," is an extract from an operetta entitled "*Serenata*." A recitative precedes and subsequently intercepts a very taking serenade of no great originality, it is true, but of very considerable charm. "Vorrei," a slow and richly melodious song, is almost worthy of Boito. "O dolce sera," is a delightfully obvious little tune, bearing for a title the eminently appropriate words "Piccolo notturno." Whether owing to the fact that Signor Tosti is setting his own mother tongue, or if not, then for some reason of which we are not aware, his style has changed for the better in a marvellous way. Had his name, instead of Signor Luigi Caracciolo's been appended to a song called "Unless," we should not have been surprised. The commonplace, though in a certain sense, effective travesty of beautiful words, is in a style that Signor Tosti seems to have abandoned, let us hope for ever. Signor Pinsuti's "Come and meet me," is better than the last, and will doubtless appeal to a large circle of young ladies. A delightful little Spanish serenade "Carmen la gitana," by J. Burgmein, is as simple as such things should be, and a "Valse des Anglaises," is a great

deal better than any recent piece of dance music published in England, whether we regard it from the musical or terpsichorean point of view.

A composer whose name was previously unknown to us, sends various compositions published by different firms, but all distinguished by a considerable degree of originality and power. Two "Sets of Dances," by Mr. Erskine Allon, are published by the London Music Publishing Co. The first dance conforms to the waltz type, and this is followed by something like a minuet, and then by a sort of polonaise, but the composer is right not to pledge himself to the name of any dance. Both sets are singularly effective and interesting. Triple time is never abandoned, and we presume from this and other details, such as the resumption of the opening subject at the end of each set, that the dances are not intended to be played separately. The second set will perhaps find most favour. Two songs by the same composer, are published by J. L. King, of Highbury Corner. The "Serenade," a song with a fairly written violin obbligato, shows a very promising vein of melody, and a certain amount of skill in the treatment, but both this and the other song, "How I love her," though that is to some extent effective, are decidedly inferior to the dances.

Some compositions for violin and harp or piano, by "Emily Bardsley Farmer (Mr. Arthur W. Lambert)," should supply a want in circles where the harp is still cultivated. Both "Solitude" and "Barcarolle" are written with some skill, and more knowledge of the harp than of the violin. A song by the same composer, "Come back," is effective, though reminiscences of other compositions will obtrude themselves upon the listener.

Of Mr. Arthur Le Jeune's name we must confess an absolute ignorance, in spite of the fact that his "Op. 47" is published by Ascherberg and Co., with a flaming title-page of caricatures in the style of Busch, leading to what the composer elects to call a "Clavierstück" and to label "Heiterkeit." The mirth implied in the name is confined to the title-page, and the composition presents few features of interest or originality. A pleasing and well-written waltz, "Leisure hours," played by Madame Schipek's orchestra, is the composition of Carl Fischer, and should attain some success even amongst the multitude of productions of the kind. "Tarentelle," by P. Strada, will be very acceptable as a "teaching piece." If this, as we presume, is its object, it may be pronounced successful. "Two to a bargain," by Wilford Morgan, is calculated to amuse the public who appreciate "The miller and the maid," the motive of which is closely followed by Mr. Malcolm Watson, the author of the words. In the same category of songs we may place "You know," by A. Samuelli, but the accompaniment of this is more elaborate than usual in similar cases.

INDIAN MUSIC.

FOR music, for all warlike and religious ceremonies, for gambling bouts, for dances, for all social gatherings and merry-makings, the Indian relies on his voice. Scarcely anything is done without this music, and similar and monotonous as it all appears to be to the uninstructed ear, each particular ceremony and dance has its own invariable music. Many of the songs have words, but by far the greater number are "songs without words," but to which words may be adapted on special occasions. The words constantly vary, the music never. The adaptation of words to a special song is frequently a matter of grave importance. A party of warriors returning from a successful foray, must embalm their exploits in song. They have decided on the music, but the work before them is to fit words to it which will be expressive and most highly eulogistic, not only of the performances of the party, but of each individual who has distinguished himself. Night after night is spent in this grand effort. One man will propose a line; all try the effect by singing it in chorus. If satisfactory, it is adopted; if not, rejected or amended. The song must be, and is, ready by the time they get home; and on the first occasion thereafter is sung to the pride and gratification of all. So

also in other songs. One man will adapt a set of words, whose appropriateness to some situation or personal peculiarity will make them popular for a little while, or until another set of words displaces them. Even the nursery songs of the mothers are a mere jumble, no two mothers using the same words, though singing the same song.

Indian songs are very curious; and, though on all subjects, what may be termed the mechanism is the same in all. An isolated thought is expressed in a few words, possibly in one compound word. This, followed by a number of meaningless sounds sufficient to fill out the music to the end of the beat, constitutes the first line or verse. The other lines are constructed in the same manner. Whatever is intended to be said, is generally expressed in four lines, though some of the songs have many lines. The constant use of sounds without meaning, to fill up the gaps in the lines, makes it easy for any Indian to be his own poet. It accounts also for the little weight that words give to Indian music, and the slight hold they take on the memory.

All Indians use the nose as a musical instrument, especially in the high notes. The lower notes are guttural, and the "ha yah" being, as it were, beaten out of their bodies by the coming down of the feet in the dance, is more like a grunt than a musical sound. The songs without words contain a great variety of sounds—guttural, nasal and natural—but generally all within one octave, though the sound designated in the music as "e" is habitually pitched far above. The rhythm is, as a whole, very poor. Almost every song keeps within the limits of one octave, without change or effort for harmonious melody. It is very seldom, however, that they bring in notes from different keys, or make other innovations sufficient to make the music discordant or unpleasant to listen to. Bagpipes or reed instruments are best adapted to reproduce the music.—*Col. Richard Irving Fote in "Our Wild Indians."*

WITH LISZT.

WE lately reviewed Miss Fay's amusing book, "Music-study in Germany," which was published some years ago in America and recently reprinted in England. The following extracts from the same source will be read with interest. They refer to the young lady's study under Liszt, to whom she went after having tried Kullak and Tausig, in Berlin:—

CHAPTER XVII.

Arrives in Weimar—Liszt at the Theatre—At a Party—At his own House.

WEIMAR, May 1, 1873.

LAST night I arrived in Weimar, and this evening I have been to the theatre, which is very cheap here, and the first person I saw, sitting in a box opposite, was Liszt, from whom, as you know, I am bent on getting lessons, though it will be a difficult thing, I fear, as I am told that Weimar is overcrowded with people who are on the same errand. I recognized Liszt from his portrait, and it entertained and interested me very much to observe him. He was making himself agreeable to three ladies, one of whom was very pretty. He sat with his back to the stage, not paying the least attention, apparently, to the play, for he kept talking all the while himself, and yet no point of it escaped him, as I could tell by his expressions and gestures.

Liszt is the most interesting and striking looking man imaginable. Tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eye-brows, and long iron-gray hair, which he wears parted in the middle. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelean expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of Jesuitical elegance and ease. His hands are very narrow, with long and slender fingers that look as if they had twice as many joints as other people's. They are so flexible and supple that it makes you nervous to look at them. Anything like the polish of his manner I never saw. When he got up to leave the box, for instance, after his adieux to the ladies, he laid his hand on his heart and made his final bow—not with affectation, or in mere gallantry, but with a quiet courtliness which made you feel that no other way of bowing to a lady was right or proper. It was most characteristic.

But the most extraordinary thing about Liszt is his wonderful variety of expression and play of feature. One moment his face will look dreamy, shadowy, tragic. The next he will be insinuating, amiable, ironical, sardonic; but always the same captivating grace of manner. He is a perfect study. I cannot imagine how he must look when he is playing. He is all spirit, but half the time, at least, a mocking spirit, I should say. I have heard the most remarkable stories about him already. All Weimar adores him, and people say that women still go perfectly crazy over him. When he walks out he bows to everybody just like a king! The Grand Duke has presented him with a house beautifully situated on the park, and here he lives elegantly, free of expense, whenever he chooses to come to it.

WEIMAR, May 7, 1873.

There isn't a piano to be had in Weimar for love or money, as there is no manufactory, and the few there were to be disposed of were snatched up before I got there. So I have lost an entire week in hunting one up, and was obliged to go first to Erfurt and finally to Leipsic, before I could find one—and even that was sent over as a favour after much coaxing and persuasion. I felt so happy when I fairly saw it in my room!—as if I had taken a city! However, I met Liszt two evenings ago at a tea-party given by a friend and *protégée* of his to as many of his scholars as have arrived, I being asked with the rest. Liszt promised to come late. We only numbered seven. There were three young men and four young ladies, of whom three, including myself, were Americans. Five of the number had studied with Liszt before, and the young men are artists already before the public.

To fill up the time till Liszt came, our hostess made us play, one after another, beginning with the latest arrival. After we had each "exhibited," little tables were brought in and supper served. We were in the midst of it, and having a merry time, when the door suddenly opened and Liszt appeared. We all rose to our feet, and he shook hands with everybody without waiting to be introduced. Liszt looks as if he had been through everything, and has a face *seamed* with experience. He is rather tall and narrow, and wears a long abbé's coat reaching nearly down to his feet. He made me think of an old-time magician more than anything, and I felt that with a touch of his wand he could transform us all. After he had finished his greetings, he passed into the next room and sat down. The young men gathered round him and offered him a cigar, which he accepted and began to smoke. We others continued our nonsense where we were, and I suppose Liszt overheard some of our brilliant conversation, for he asked who we were, I think, and presently the lady of the house came out after Miss W. and me, the two American strangers, to take us in and present us to him.

After the preliminary greetings we had some little talk. He asked me if I had been to Sophie Menter's concert in Berlin the other day. I said yes. He remarked that Miss Menter was a great favourite of his, and that the lady from whom I had brought a letter to him had done a good deal for her. I asked him if Sophie Menter were a pupil of his. He said no, he could not take the credit of her artistic success to himself. I heard afterwards that he really had done ever so much for her, but he won't have it said that he teaches! After he had finished his cigar, Liszt got up and said, "America is now to have the floor," and requested Miss W. to play for him. This was a dreadful ordeal for us new arrivals, for we had not expected to be called upon. I began to quake inwardly, for I had been without a piano for nearly a week, and was not at all prepared to play to him, while Miss W. had been up since five o'clock in the morning, and had travelled all day. However, there was no getting off. A request from Liszt is a command, and Miss W. sat down, and acquitted herself as well as could have been expected under the circumstances. Liszt waved his hand and nodded his head from time to time, and seemed pleased, I thought. He then called upon Leitert, who played a composition of Liszt's own most beautifully. Liszt commended him and patted him on the back. As soon as Leitert had finished, I slipped off into the back room, hoping Liszt would forget all about me; but he followed me almost immediately, like a cat with a mouse, took both my hands in his, and said in the most winning way imaginable, "*Mademoiselle, vous jouerez quelque-chose, n'est-ce-pas?*" I can't give you any idea of his *persuasiveness*, when he chooses. It is enough to decoy you into anything. It was such a desperate

moment that I became reckless, and without even telling him that I was out of practice and not prepared to play, I sat down and plunged into the A flat major Ballade of Chopin, as if I were possessed. The piano had a splendid touch luckily. Liszt kept calling out "Bravo" every minute or two, to encourage me, and somehow I got through. When I had finished, he clapped his hands and said, "Bravely played." He asked with whom I had studied, and made one or two little criticisms. I hoped he would shove me aside and play it himself, but he didn't.

Liszt is just like a monarch, and no one dares speak to him until he addresses one first, which I think no fun. He did not play to us at all, except when some one asked him if he had heard R. play that afternoon. R. is a young organist from Leipsic, who telegraphed to Liszt to ask him if he might come over and play to him on the organ. Liszt, with his usual amiability, answered that he might, "Oh," said Liszt, with an indescribably comic look, "he improvised for me a whole half-hour in this style,"—and then he got up and went to the piano, and without sitting down he played some ridiculous chords in the middle of the key-board, and then little trills and turns high up in the treble, which made us all burst out laughing. Shortly after I had played I took my leave. Liszt had gone into the other room to smoke, and I didn't care to follow him, as I saw that he was tired, and had no intention of playing to us. Our hostess told Miss W. and me to "slip out so that he would not perceive it." Yesterday Miss W. went to see him, and he asked her if she knew that Miss "Fy," and told her to tell me to come to him. So I shall present myself to-morrow, though I don't know how the lion will act when I heard him in his den.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

THE SONGS OF SUMMER.

The songs of Summer are over and past !
The Swallow's forsaken the dripping eaves ;
Ruined and black 'mid the shrivelled leaves,
The nests are rudely swung in the blast ;
And ever the wind like a soul in pain,
Knocks and knocks at the window-pane.

The songs of Summer are over and past !
Woe's me for a music sweeter than theirs,
The quick, light thud of a step on the stairs,
The greeting of lovers too sweet to last :
And ever the wind like a soul in pain,
Knocks and knocks at the window-pane.

Copyright.]

M. B.

THE LATE M. CHOUQUET.

M. GUSTAVE CHOUQUET, whose serious illness we recorded last week, died last Saturday, at the age of sixty-five. He was born at Havre, April 16, 1819, and received his first education in Paris. At an early age he emigrated to New York, where he lived for sixteen years, occupied with teaching, and contributing in his leisure hours to various French journals. Since 1871 he occupied the post of custodian of the Instrumental Museum at the Paris Conservatoire. He was the author of several works on musical history, of which the "Histoire de la Musique Dramatique en France, depuis ses origines jusqu'à nos jours (Paris : Didot, 1873)" is the principal. An essay on the history of music from the 14th to the 18th century, gained for him the Bordin prize, but still remains in MS. M. Chouquet was a frequent contributor to Groves's Dictionary. As a writer of libretti he will be chiefly remembered by *David Rissio*, the cantata which gained for M. Massenet the Prix de Rome in 1863.

Occasional Notes.

The attempt to raise the level of the English song by the modest but well-intentioned prize offered by the proprietors of this journal has found an echo in many quarters. The *Observer* comments upon it in encouraging terms, and the *St. James's Gazette* acknowledges the necessity of some sort of reform in even stronger language than we ourselves ventured to apply. "The popular songs of the day," it remarks, "are, with rare exceptions, a disgrace to the country in which they are published. They are in most cases worthy of the words to which they are set ; and these (as anyone may convince himself by reading a few lines of some of them, or even by glancing at the titles) are marked by the vilest sentimentality, mawkish or morbid, expressed in commonplace style, and often with equal disregard of syntax and of prosody."

"Whether a reform in public taste," our contemporary adds, "will be brought about by the competition in question may be doubted ; for the profits of our popular song-writers are sometimes to be reckoned on each song not by tens of pounds, but by hundreds. The step taken is, however, in the right direction." We are, ourselves, by no means sanguine as to the immediate influence which our humble effort may have upon the general development of the English song. But sometimes small causes work great effects ; if you throw a stone into a stagnant lake, the ripples spread and increase, and soon the whole surface is in gentle motion.

Mr. Sedley Taylor's denunciation of an outrage committed against the genius of Schumann, is a strong argument in favour of those who advocate the protection of artistic property for all time. As soon as the fear of copyright is removed, the ghoul or bodysnatcher, takes hold of whatever lies nearest to his hands, undeterred by Shakespeare's curse or any consideration of common decency. Worse than this, the highly competent musician takes it upon himself to improve and modernize an original which, with all its possible faults, should be sacred to him. Of both these modes of proceeding an instance may be found in our present issue. The success of many of these attempts might be traced by Shelley's "subtle-souled Psychologist" to that "love for the spurious" which appears to be innate in human nature. The subject is capable of manifold illustration, and we may return to it.

M. Carvalho having abandoned, or at least postponed, the production of *Lohengrin* at the Opéra Comique, in answer to the stupid clamourings of a pseudo-patriotic rabble, M. Lamoureux included a large portion of the third act of that opera, in his concert of Sunday last. Madame Brunet-Lafleur and M. Van Dyck were the soloists in the great love duet, which was given *in extenso* ; and the applause was as enthusiastic as it always is at these concerts when Wagner's music is adequately performed. The anomaly illustrated by these two facts is not as great as might appear to the casual observer. The public which frequents high-class concerts is very different from that on which a theatre relies. So it is in Paris, and so it is in every large town, English or foreign ; *vide* the financial failure which has more than once attended the production of Wagner's operas in London, while the Richter Concerts flourish. If one considers how many people go to the opera in order to see and to be seen quite as much as to hear, and that all these extraneous attractions are absent at an orchestral performance, where music and music alone is the thing, the phenomenon is easily explained.

ST. JAMES'S HALL. MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15, 1886,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet in E flat, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. R. Gompertz, L. Ries, A. Gibson, and Howell; Recit. and Air, "Del minacciar del vento" (Handel)—Mr. Santley; Sonata in C major, Op. 53, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Madlle. Clotilde Kleeberg.

PART II.—Romance from Hungarian Concerto, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Joachim)—Mr. R. Gompertz; Song, "Maid of Athens" (Gounod)—Mr. Santley; Trio in C major, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Haydn)—Madlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, MM. Gompertz and Howell. Accompanists, Mr. Sidney Naylor.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Programme

FOR
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 13, 1886,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Trio in C minor, Op. 9, No. 3, for violin, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. R. Gompertz, A. Gibson, and Howell; Song, "Der Erl König" (Loewe)—Mr. Henschel; Italian Concerto, for Pianoforte alone (Bach)—Madlle. Clotilde Kleeberg; Sonata in A minor, Op. 23, for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven)—Madlle. Kleeberg and Mr. R. Gompertz; Song, "The two Grenadiers" (Schumann) (by desire)—Mr. Henschel; Trio in F major, Op. 80, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Schumann)—Madlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, MM. R. Gompertz and Howell. Accompanist—Mr. Frantzen.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

MR. E. F. BUELS' GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1886, TO COMMENCE AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Artists:—Miss Ambler, Miss Eveleen Carlton, Madame Edith Umpelby; Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr. R. Boulcott Newth, Mr. Percy Palmer, Mr. E. F. Buels; Violin, M. Szczepanowski; Violoncello, Mr. William Buels; Pianoforte, Miss Marian Buels and Mr. Edward Lane; Recitation, Mr. John L. Child; Accompanist, Mr. A. Sinclair Mantell.

Stalls, 7/6; Reserved Seats, 5/-; Balcony, 2/6; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry; of the usual Agents; and of Mr. E. F. Buels, Kensington School of Music, 126, Cromwell Road, South Kensington.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

MR. ANTON HARTVIGSON'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1886,

To commence at Three o'clock

Stalls, Half-a-Guinea; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry; at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, and at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

BEETHOVEN'S WORKS.

PIANOFORTE ALONE. PIANOFORTE WITH INSTRUMENTS.
VOCAL MUSIC.

GIVEN BY

Madame JENNY VIARD-LOUIS.

The Eighteenth Meeting (Third of the Fourth and Last Series) will take place on FRIDAY, FEB. 19, at three o'clock. PROGRAMME:—Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 110; Raff's Second Sonata in A major, Op. 78, for Pianoforte and Violin; and Raff's Quintet in A minor, Op. 107. Instrumentalists—Madame Jenny Viard-Louis (Pianoforte), Messrs. J. T. Carrodus, B. Carrodus, Ellis Roberts, and G. Libotton. Vocalist, Chevalier E. Scovello. A Concert Grand Pianoforte by Messrs. Playell, Wolff & Co.—Stalls, 7/6; Reserved Seats, 2/6; Admission, 1/6.

ST. JAMES'S HALL. THE SUMMER SERIES OF NINE RICHTER CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAY, MAY 3, 1886.	MONDAY, MAY 31, 1886.
MONDAY, MAY 10, "	MONDAY, JUNE 7, "
MONDAY, MAY 17, "	MONDAY, JUNE 21, "
MONDAY, MAY 24, "	MONDAY, JUNE 28, "
MONDAY, JULY 5, 1886.	

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE NINE CONCERTS:

Sofa Stalls, £5. Stalls or Balcony Stalls, £3 10 0

SINGLE TICKETS:

Sofa Stalls, 15/- Stalls or Balcony Stalls, 10/6. Balcony (Unreserved), 5/-
Area or Gallery, 2/5.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SEÑOR SARASATE'S FIVE GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1886.	SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.
SATURDAY, MAY 1, "	SATURDAY, MAY 22, "
SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.	

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Sofa Stalls, 10/6. Reserved Area, 7/6. Balcony, 3/-
Area, 2/- Gallery, 1/-

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

MR. & MRS. HENSCHEL'S VOCAL RECITALS

TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1886.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16, "

AT A QUARTER PAST EIGHT.

TICKETS:

Reserved Seats, 10/6. Unreserved Seats, 5/- and 2/6.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES WADE'S CHAMBER CONCERTS,

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1886.

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, "

AT HALF-PAST EIGHT O'CLOCK.

TICKETS:

Stalls, 10/6. Reserved Seats, 5/- Unreserved Seats, 2/6.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

M. GUSTAV ERNEST'S

THIRD

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1886.

Tickets for any of the above Concerts may be obtained of—

MESSRS. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.;
MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co., 84, New Bond Street;
MR. MITCHELL, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street;
MR. OLLIVIER, 38, Old Bond Street;
MESSRS. LACON & OLLIER, 168, New Bond Street, W.;
MESSRS. CRAMER & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.;
MESSRS. SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street, W.;
MESSRS. KEITH, PROWSE & Co., 41, Cheapside, E.C.; at the Grand Hotel; and at the Langham Hotel;
MR. ALFRED HAYS, 26, Old Bond Street, and 5, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.;
MR. M. BARR, 80, Queen Victoria Street, opposite Mansion House Station;
MR. AUSTIN'S Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.
MANAGER, MR. N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

LONDON 1886.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

HERMANN FRANKE'S
CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS.

THE SECOND CONCERT will take place on Tuesday evening, February 23, 1886, at Half past Eight o'clock. Artists: Mr. Franke's Vocal Quartet, consisting of Miss Hamlin (Soprano), Miss Lena Little (Alto), Mr. W. J. Winch (Tenor), Mr. O. Fisher (Bass). Conductor, Mr. Theodor Frantzen, assisted at the Piano by Miss Amy Hare. Pianoforte, Mr. Max Laistner; Violin, Mr. Otto Peiniger; Viola, Mr. K. A. Stehling; and Violoncello, Mr. Jules De Swert.

Programme:—Quartet, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, in F, Op. 15, by C. V. Stanford; *Toscanische Rispetti (popular songs of Tuscany), by Julius Roentgen (first performance); Violin Solo, "Grave, Fuga, and Siciliano," by Joseph Gibbs; Violoncello Solo; *Liebes-Lieder-Walzer (Songs-of-Love-Waltzes) (first set) by Brahms (second performance). One of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons' Grand Pianofortes will be used on this occasion.

*N.B.—Each of the Vocal numbers will occupy nearly half an hour.

POPULAR PRICES (no restriction as to Evening Dress). Reserved Seats, 5s. and 3s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be had at Messrs. Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Messrs. Stanley, Lucas, Weber & Co.'s, 84, New Bond Street; Mr. Austin's, St. James's Hall, and at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. Manager, Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius. H. Franke's Office, 2, Vere Street, London, W.

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The Proprietors of *The Musical World* offer a
PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

for the best Song, to English words, and by a composer resident in England. MSS. should be sent in on or before May 1, 1886, and should bear a motto or *nom de plume* identical with one on a sealed envelope, containing the name and address of the writer. Only the letter of the successful competitor will be opened. The judges will be three musicians of reputation whose names will be announced in due course. The song selected will be published as a supplement to *The Musical World*. For full particulars see *The Musical World* of Feb. 6.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

MUSIC IN THEATRES.

THE letter on "Entr' Acte" music addressed to us by a conductor at a leading West-End theatre, touches upon an evil which is all the more incurable because it is felt so little by those who principally suffer, or should suffer, from it. Some weeks ago a correspondent, protesting against the musical atrocities committed in connection with the *Faust* performance at the Lyceum, requested us to raise

what he was good enough to call our "powerful voice" in protest against similar proceedings. We should have been most willing to do so, had we not been firmly convinced that that stentorian organ would have been as one crying in the wilderness; or had we thought that its warning note would have kept away a single person from the Lyceum Theatre; or troubled for a moment the æsthetic conscience of those willing to swallow Mr. Wills's fricassee. We have no more hopeful answer to give to the excellent "Bâton," whose pecuniary self-sacrifice, we fear, has been lost upon those for whose benefit it was intended. He informs us that one night he engaged, at his own cost, four extra musicians, in addition to the ten supplied by the management, and that the excellent programme which this imposing array of executive power enabled him to provide, was attentively listened to and warmly applauded by the audience. We suspect that the silence which he attributed to intelligent attention was in reality due to amazement, and that it would have given way to the ordinary hum of voices had the experiment been continued for any length of time.

The truth is that music in England serves more purposes than one. We are naturally a shy people, and we do not like to lift our voices above a certain diapason, unless elevated by the excitement of political agitation or by the genial influence of a good dinner. Rather than make ourselves conspicuous by loud or animated conversation we remain silent. Here, then, music comes in as the welcome aid of the bashful. There was a cartoon some time ago in one of the comic papers depicting a fashionable hostess, who blandly invites a pianist to go through his paces, because her guests refuse to talk. The joke was founded upon a basis of strictest realism. And what is true in the drawing-room applies with equal force to the theatre. If an angel came from Heaven and played upon his celestial trombone in a theatrical orchestra, we greatly doubt whether he would meet with much attention after the novelty of his wings and other heavenly appurtenances had once been discounted. No wonder, therefore, that theatrical managers do not care to devote much money or give much thought to a part of the entertainment which, as long as it exists at all, may be good or bad as luck will have it.

The remedy, as most remedies of the kind, lies with the public. When once our average theatre-goer is sufficiently educated to know good from evil, or at least to try to distinguish one from the other, Mr. Irving and other intelligent managers will soon alter their tactics. They will provide a good Entr' Acte programme, and they will probably at the same time, cut short the amount of so-called slow music, which at present accompanies the sentimental incidents of the play. That such music finds its place in a romantic drama, especially when supernatural, and therefore presumably musical agencies are at work, no one will deny. But why Captain Bancroft making love to Miss Wilton in common-place modern fashion, should be accompanied by a few screeching fiddles playing *tremolo* in the highest octaves, is a problem which we will try to solve by the time the public have begun to care or ask about such matters at all.

"Musical World" Stories.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S NEST.

By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

THE name of Théophile Gautier is almost a household word to those who know anything about modern French literature. Not only by his criticisms and books of travel, but by his romances and imaginative stories, among which "Capitaine Fracasse" stands pre-eminent as an unique picture of the theatrical life of the period, he attained a fame which the exquisite quality of his writings, if not their number, amply justified. His style is distinguished above that of all his contemporaries for its sensuous warmth of colouring, and for the perfect justice of his choice of words. Born in 1808, he early displayed a leaning towards the "romantic" rather than to the "classical" side in the warfare which raged in the early part of this century. His was one of the most prominent figures on the now historical occasion of the first programme of *Hernani*. But Victor Hugo was not the only great figure in art to whom he acted as champion. His love of the romantic side of music made him an active partisan of Wagner; and he did for the musician what he had done in earlier days for the poet. In connection with music he wrote the libretti for four ballets, one of which, "Giselle," became the motive of Loder's "Night Dancers." In the volume of "Nouvelles" from which the following tale is taken there are no other stories connected with music: but, since the author's death in 1872, one of the series, "Une nuit de Cléopâtre," has been arranged as an opera libretto, and set by Victor Massé.

THE STORY.

Round the castle there was a fine park.

In the park there were birds of all sorts—nightingales, black-birds, wrens; it was a meeting-place for all the birds of the air.

In the spring-time, there was such a warbling that one could not hear oneself speak; each leaf hid a nest, each tree was an orchestra. All the tiny feathered musicians vied with each other as to who should sing the best. Some chirped, others cooed; some trilled out shakes and pearly cadenzas, others carved out *floriture* or embroidered on a pedal bass; real musicians would not have done nearly so well.

But in the castle there lived two fair cousins, who alone sang better than all the birds in the park; one was called Fleurette and the other Isabeau. Both were beautiful and complete in every grace and charm, and on Sunday, when they appeared in their best attire, one would have taken them for angels, had not their white shoulders shown that they were real maidens; there was nothing wanting but the feathers. When they sang, the old Sire de Maulevrier, their uncle, would sometimes hold them by the hand, for fear they should take it into their heads to fly away.

I leave you to imagine the brave thrusts that were given and received at jousts and tournaments in honour of Fleurette and Isabeau. Their reputation for beauty and talent had gone the round of Europe, and yet they were none the prouder for it; they lived secluded, seeing hardly anyone but the little page Valentin, a pretty child of thirteen with fair curls, and the Sire de Maulevrier, an old man with snowy hair, all bronzed, and bent with having borne the weight of his armour for sixty years.

They passed their time in throwing corn to the little birds, in devotional exercises, and chiefly in studying the works of the great masters, and in singing together some motet, madrigal, vilanelle, or such like music; they had also their flowers, which they watered and cultivated themselves. Their life flowed on in the sweet, gracious occupations of maidenhood, they lived in the shade, and far from the eyes of the world, and yet the world busied itself with them. Neither the nightingale nor the rose can be hidden, their song and their scent ever betray them. Our two cousins were rose and nightingale in one.

There came dukes and princes to ask them in marriage; the Emperor of Trebizond and the Sultan of Egypt sent Ambassadors to the Sire de Maulevrier to propose alliances; the two cousins never wearied of their maidenhood, and would not hear them spoken of. Perhaps they had felt by a secret instinct, that their mission here below was to be maidens, and to sing; and that by becoming anything else they would derogate from their high calling.

They were quite little when they first came to the castle. The window of their room looked out upon the park, and they had been lulled to sleep by the song of the birds. When they were barely able to stand, old Blondiau, their uncle's minstrel, had put their little hands on the ivory keys of the virginals; it was the only plaything they had, and they knew how to sing before they could speak; they sang as others breathed: it was their nature.

Their education had singularly influenced their characters. Their harmonious childhood had separated them from a childhood of noise and chatter. They had never raised a shrill cry or uttered a discordant complaint; they cried in tune and moaned in time. The musical instinct, developed in them to the detriment of the other senses, made them but little cognizant of all that was not music. They floated on a wave of melody, and scarcely perceived the real world except through sound. The rustling of leaves, the murmuring of waters, the chiming of the clock, the sighing of the wind in the chimney, the humming of the spinning-wheel, the drop of rain falling on the rattling window pane, in short, all harmonies, within and without, were clearly revealed to their understanding; but I must confess, that they did not experience much enthusiasm at the sight of a sunset, and they were as little able to appreciate a picture as if their beautiful blue and black eyes had been covered by a thick cloth. They were quite music mad; they dreamed of it; they could neither eat nor drink because of it; they loved nothing else in the whole world. Yet there was something else they loved, and that was Valentin and their flowers: Valentin, because he was like the roses; the roses because they were like Valentin. But this love was quite a secondary affair. Their greatest pleasure was to sing at their window in the evening the music they had composed during the day.

The most celebrated masters came from afar to hear them, and compete with them. No sooner had they heard a bar than, owing to their defeat, they broke up their instruments and tore up their scores. In fact, this music was so delightful and so melodious that the cherubim of heaven came to the window with the other musicians and learnt it by heart to sing to the Almighty.

One evening in May, the two cousins were singing a motet for two voices. Never had a subject of greater beauty been so happily worked out or so skilfully rendered. A nightingale from the park, perched on a rose tree, had been listening to them attentively. When they had finished he came to the window, and said to them in his nightingale language: "I would fain have a trial of song with you."

The two cousins answered that it would give them much pleasure, and that he must begin.

The nightingale began. He was a master nightingale. His little breast heaved, he beat his wings, his whole body trembled; there was no end to the runs, arpeggios and chromatic scales; he ran up and down the gamut; he prolonged tenuous sounds; he showered pearly cadences with a purity hopelessly beyond attainment; one would have said that his voice had wings as well as his body. He stopped, certain of victory.

The two cousins sang in their turn; they surpassed themselves. The nightingale's song seemed, in comparison with theirs, like the twittering of a sparrow.

The winged virtuoso made another effort. He sang a love-song; then he executed a brilliant fanfare, crowned with a tuft of high notes, tremulous and shrill, beyond the reach of any human voice.

The two cousins, undismayed by this display of skill, turned over the leaves of their music-book, and answered the nightingale in such strains that St. Cecilia, who was listening to them from the height of heaven, turned pale with jealousy, and let her bass viol fall right down to earth.

The nightingale tried once more to sing, but the contest had quite exhausted him; his breath failed him, his feathers were ruffled, his eyes closed in spite of himself; he was dying.

"You sing better than I do," said he to the two cousins, "and my pride in wishing to surpass you has cost me my life. I ask one

thing of you : I have a nest ; in this nest are three young ones ; it is in the third sweet briar in the broad walk by the lake ; send to take them ; bring them up ; and as I am going to die, teach them to sing like yourselves."

Having thus spoken, the nightingale died. The two cousins mourned for him, for he had sung well. They called Valentin, the little fair-haired page, and told him where the nest was. Valentin, who was a mischievous little rogue, easily found the place ; he put the nest in his bosom, and brought it away without hindrance. Fleurette and Isabeau, leaning on the balcony, awaited him impatiently. Valentin soon came back, holding the nest in his hands. The three nestlings stretched out their necks and opened their beaks quite wide. The young girls took pity on the little orphans, and kissed each of their beaks in turn. When they were a little bigger, the cousins began their musical education, as they had promised the conquered nightingale.

It was marvellous to see how tame they were, and how well they sang. They fluttered about the room, perching now on Isabeau's head, now on Fleurette's shoulder. They placed themselves before the music-book, and looked so intelligently at the black and white notes, that one would have said they really knew how to decipher them. They had learnt all Fleurette's and Isabeau's airs, and had begun to improvise some very pretty ones themselves.

The two cousins lived more and more in solitude, and in the evening one might hear sounds of a supernatural melody coming from their room. The nightingales, perfectly instructed, took part in the concert, and sang almost as well as their mistresses, who had themselves made great progress.

Each day their voices gained in brilliance, and rang out as clear as crystal, and pure as silver, above the register of the human voice. The maidens grew visibly thinner ; their beautiful complexions faded, they had become as pale as agate, and almost as transparent. The Sire de Maulevrier would willingly have prevented them from singing, but he could not prevail upon them so far.

No sooner had they sung two or three bars than a little red spot appeared on their cheeks and got larger and larger until they had finished ; then the spot disappeared, but cold drops stood on their foreheads, and their lips trembled as if they were in a fever.

Yet their singing was more beautiful than ever, there was something in it that was not of this world ; and in listening to the sonorous, powerful voice that came from these two maidens, it was not difficult to foresee what would happen, and that the music would break the instrument.

They knew it themselves, and began to play on their virginals, which they had abandoned for their vocal exercises. But one night, the window was open, the birds were warbling in the park, the breeze was sighing in sweet harmony, there was so much music in the air that they could not resist the temptation of singing a duet they had composed the night before. It was the song of the swan, a wonderful song steeped in tears, ascending to the most inaccessible heights of the scale, and descending the ladder of notes to the last degree ; never had anything so sparkling been heard before ; it was a deluge of shakes, a brilliant fire of chromatic passages, a pyrotechnic display impossible to describe ; but all the time the little red spot got much larger and spread almost all over their cheeks. The three nightingales looked at them and listened to them with a curious anxiety ; they beat their wings, they fluttered to and fro unceasingly. At length the singers came to the last phrase of the music ; their voices took so strangely sonorous a tone that it was evident they were no longer living creatures who sang. The nightingales had taken flight. The two cousins were dead ; their souls had departed with the last note. The nightingales flew straight up to heaven, to carry this wondrous song to the Almighty, who kept them all three in Paradise, that they might sing to Him the music taught them by the two cousins.

In after time the Almighty made these three nightingales into the souls of Palestrina, Cimarosa, and the Chevalier Gluck.

Correspondence.

THE INTEGRITY OF CLASSICAL WORKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—Will you permit me to bring under the notice of your readers a production which a friend of mine was induced by the state-

ment made on its title-page to buy as a genuine song by Schumann, but which turned out to be something very different ?

The title-page stands *verbatim* as follows :—

SPRING NOVELLETTE. Song with English and German words by ROBERT SCHUMANN. London : William Cerny, 211, Oxford Street, W.

The contents thus announced are, however, no original song at all, but simply an extract from one of Schumann's pianoforte works—the "Trio" from the F major Novellette, Op. 21, No. 1—adapted for vocal purposes and set to Heine's well-known lines beginning "Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth" which have in two places had to be interpolated so that they will no longer scan, in order to make them keep-step with the music. This, however, is a trifle compared with the treatment to which Schumann's composition has been subjected. The melody, it is true, remains intact, but in other respects the original structure has been freely cut about and direfully disfigured. The triplet accompaniment in rich dispersed harmony is replaced at first by a leaden arrangement of close-position triplets, and then by chords wearisomely iterated after the pattern of the machine-made articles of commerce which are turned out in such numbers by our song industry. With a view to fill up the rents made at the points where the Trio has been torn out of its original setting, a few bars of instrumental opening and close have been appended ; of these I will only say that Schumann would not have written the former, and could not have written the latter.

The sole intimation given that *any* liberties have been taken with the composer's work consists in the words "Arranged by Oscar Wagner," which do not, however, appear on the title-page, and, even if they did, would certainly not be understood as covering operations such as those of which I am conscious of having conveyed but a very inadequate idea.

A genuine respect for the great masters obviously implies zeal for the integrity of their works, and energetic resistance against all attempts, open or covert, to tamper with it. The curse invoked on him who should move the bones of Shakespeare seems far more substantially merited by whoever "makes hay" with the music of Schumann.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

SEDLEY TAYLOR.

ENTRACTE MUSIC IN THEATRES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you will allow me to draw attention, through your valuable paper, to the subject of "entracte music" in those London theatres where comedy or farce is played, with the single exception of the Court Theatre, where really good music, performed in an efficient manner, may be heard. This important accessory to a theatrical entertainment is treated with systematic neglect at all the comedy houses. The managers look upon the orchestra as a kind of necessary evil, and the consequence is that instead of the "waits"—often long ones—between the acts being pleasantly passed in listening to good and appropriate music played by a competent band, audiences are invariably bored by the indifferent performance of hackneyed waltzes and polkas quite out of keeping with the sentiment of the play. That this must often interfere with the sympathetic reception of the play itself, by putting the audience out of temper, is evident.

At present I am conducting in a popular West End theatre, an orchestra composed of nine real live musicians, and I need hardly tell you that I cannot possibly attempt anything above a waltz or a polka, or at most a set of quadrilles. But I am only one of the suffering conductors, and I suppose the present state of things will continue until the public itself resents such paltry and inadequate orchestras. That the public would not be slow to recognize an improvement I have proved to my own satisfaction. Some time ago I was engaged as musical director at a first-class London theatre, and had then an orchestra consisting of only ten musicians, although for years previously the orchestra at this same theatre had comprised from twenty-five to thirty instrumentalists. In vain I tried to convince the then management of the folly of their economy in this department. But one night I engaged four extra musicians at my own cost, and selected an excellent programme of music, which would have been impossible with the small orchestra supplied by the

management. The result amply repaid me, for the audience which had hitherto paid no attention to the music, and had always shown signs of impatience for the play to continue, exhibited its appreciation in a marked manner—listening attentively to, and warmly applauding each piece of music that we performed. When I tell you that the pay of an orchestral player in the comedy houses is seldom more than five shillings a night, you will understand how difficult it is for the conductor of a theatrical orchestra to get efficient players, and how he is hampered in his efforts to give the public entr'acte music worth listening to.

If an important musical journal like yours would only bring this subject home to theatrical managers, it would win the gratitude, not only of the long-suffering orchestral conductors, but of the whole theatre-going public.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

BÂTON.

Concerts.

POPULAR CONCERTS.

The excitement prevailing in London on Monday evening had at first a somewhat depressing influence upon the audience, and the curious spectacle was witnessed of a number of persons busily engaged in reading the evening papers during the performance of a Beethoven quartet. This was not very stimulating to the artists engaged, but eventually the lovely melodies of the G major quartet, Op. 18, No. 2, exercised their grateful influence, and Madame Norman-Neruda played her best in the beautiful Adagio in C major, and was warmly applauded. Her associates were MM. Ries, Hollander, and Howell—a special word of praise being due to the latter for the full rich tone he produced from the violoncello; advocates of native talent being glad to welcome at the Monday Popular Concerts, so skilful and legitimate a performer. The greatest instrumental success of the evening was the performance by M. Vladimir de Pachmann of Weber's Sonata in E minor, Op. 70. The evident desire of M. de Pachmann to gather laurels in other fields of musical art than those graced by the genius of Chopin, is a worthy aspiration, and is likely to lead to gratifying results. It would indeed, be difficult to name any pianist who has more completely caught the Weberian spirit than M. de Pachmann did on Monday, especially in the brilliant Minuet, and the still more brilliant Tarantella finale. First, however, let us do justice to the solid mechanism and unflagging energy with which the graver passages were delivered. For a time, the dreamy charm with which this pianist interprets the musical poetry of Chopin was exchanged for the fire and passion, the energy and glow, of a genuine German master of the pianoforte. The Sonata is a very characteristic one, not without echoes of Weber's dramatic moods, and these were rendered with expression, depth and force by the pianist who has seldom been more enthusiastically received. The rushing speed of the Tarantella, found M. de Pachmann fully equal to all requirements. Every note was distinct, and the exquisitely capricious fancies of the composer were all brought out with perfect clearness and with remarkable brilliancy. The inconsistency of the encore system was whimsically shown on this occasion. The enthusiasm after the Tarantella was so great and the desire to hear it again could be so easily understood, that it was with evident disappointment the audience heard another piece. It would have been better to have quitted the platform after making such a brilliant impression. To have played Weber as well as he plays Chopin, was an achievement to be proud of. Madame Norman-Neruda, after playing the "Berceuse Slave," composed by Franz Neruda, and the Mazurka in G, of Wieniawski, was encored, a compliment won by her sprightly performance. The lady afterwards took part with MM. Ries, Hollander, and Howell, in Haydn's Quartet in E flat, Op. 64, No. 2. Some interesting vocal music was heard with satisfaction, notably the duet composed by Miss Mary Carmichael, who had set Shakespeare's verses, "It was a lover and his lass," to music so good that it won the third encore of the evening—and though we hold that encores do not raise the character of classical concerts still the charm of the music was great, and excused the repetition. The composer has written the duet with much freshness and grace, and at the same time in the spirit of the Elizabethan

school. Shakespeare himself would not have disdained so graceful a setting of his charming lines. Miss Carmichael accompanied the duet herself, and it was sung with much spirit by Miss Louise Phillips and Madame Fassett; who also sang the duet "Der Abend," by Tschaiakowsky, with effect, but with scarcely enough refinement of style.—The concert of the preceding Saturday included Beethoven's Septet, the performers being Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. Charles Hallé, Hollander, Lazarus, Paersch, Pezze, Wotton, and Bottesini; also Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in D major, Op. 10, No. 3; and Schumann's Sonata for pianoforte and violin in D minor, Op. 121. Mr. Thorndike was the vocalist.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The concert of the students of the Royal College of Music given on the 4th inst. at the Albert Hall, afforded distinct proof of the talent possessed by the pupils; and there was equal evidence of careful and judicious training on the part of the professors. As usual in such cases, there was no lack of ambition, one striking example of this being the choice of Chopin's famous B flat minor Sonata, by Mr. Barton. It would be too much to say that the young pianist realized all the beauty, poetry, and expression of which this sonata is capable, but considered as the effort of a student, the playing was remarkable, and gave promise of great excellence in the future, when his style is more matured. Another pianist, Miss Osborn, in Mendelssohn's C minor Trio, displayed elegance and decision of style; and there was promise in Miss Daymond's rendering of a Sonata of Brahms. The playing of the String Quartet, No. 6, Op. 76, of Haydn, won credit for Miss Donkersley, Miss Pyne, and Messrs. Kreuz and Wenge; and Mr. Inwards and Mr. A. Blagrove were fairly equal to their task in the Trio of Mendelssohn. The College seems to be strong in vocal talent—Miss Belcher, for example, possessing a voice of pure and sympathetic quality and extended compass, sang admirably in "Crudele," from *Don Giovanni*. Miss Belcher joined Miss Julie Albu in a duet from *Norma*, which was executed in very good style by both the ladies. Miss Albu has a contralto voice that will repay cultivation; it is even and rich in quality. Mr. D. Price, a young baritone with a fine voice and large compass, should be careful to keep within his means, and not to sacrifice quality of tone for the sake of reaching extreme notes. He has ample range and sufficient volume, and, when master of his resources, he will probably become a good vocalist. His singing of "Figlia dei Re," from Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, had many points of excellence.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S CONCERTO CONCERT.

The concerts given by the most ardent of Liszt's English admirers and champions have always some point of special interest to recommend them. This year his programme contained no less than three concerti, two of which were played consecutively. Beethoven's in C minor was given to begin with, and its simple structure was in admirable, and doubtless intentional, contrast with Liszt's work in A, which followed it. The earlier work was brought into sympathy with the later by means of Liszt's Cadenza, which was played with evident enjoyment of its difficulties. Liszt's own Concerto is, to our thinking, the most thoughtful and finished of his works in this form. The romantic note is touched at the opening, and the hearer's attention is riveted from the beginning to the end. Its last section (there is no pause between the movements) is the weakest; but the resumption of the opening does away with the impression produced by the finale, and brings the whole to an interesting close. The third Concerto was Chopin's, in E minor, which was presented according to Tausig's arrangement. Those purists who disapprove of any hand, however reverent, being laid upon a finished work of art, cannot be reconciled even to this instance of restoration; but the result to some extent justifies the procedure. Chopin's orchestration as it stands is of the most meagre and uninteresting description, and is all too inadequate a frame for the pianoforte part of his Concertos. Tausig's alterations were almost entirely confined to the orchestral part; here and there the solo part has been re-touched, but not in such a way that any admirer of the composer need complain of Vandalism. Mr. Winch

sang a group of songs by Liszt, set to Victor Hugo's words; all are interesting, and beautiful. Mr. Bache's fellow-champion in the cause of Liszt's music, Mr. Dannreuther, conducted a small but very efficient orchestra, in the accompaniment of the concert.

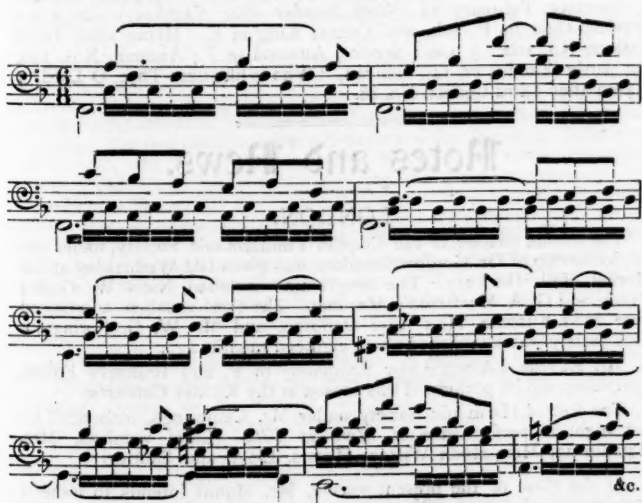
MR. & MRS. HENSCHEL'S VOCAL RECITALS.

On Thursday last week Mr. and Mrs. Henschel commenced the second series of these excellent entertainments at Princes' Hall. The concert was a most interesting one, and of a thoroughly artistic type. The versatility of these vocalists is certainly as remarkable as the highly-intellectual style in which they do justice to everything they undertake. The following pieces, comprised in the programme, were especially applauded:—Air from "Le Billet de Loterie" (Isouard), Mrs. Henschel; "Wie bist du meine Königin" (Brahms), Mr. Henschel; song from "The Water Babies" (Henschel), Mrs. Henschel. The second concert of this series is announced for Tuesday evening, March 2.

M. D'ALBERT'S NEW SYMPHONY.

BERLIN, Feb. 9, 1886.

The German capital has this in common with London, that it rarely takes the initiative in the production of musical novelty. You receive your oratorios *via* Birmingham; our symphonies and operas come to us from Dresden or Vienna, or even from the little Meiningen. Brahms's Symphony, of which I gave you an account last week, had been performed in many places before it reached us. D'Albert's new work of the same kind, which made a sensation at last night's Philharmonic Concert, had been played at Münster, Dresden, and Leipzig before our critics had an opportunity of giving the world the benefit of their opinion. At the last-named place, where it was conducted by the young composer himself, the effect is described as sensational. For those who see in D'Albert a staunch advocate of the new school, his Symphony in F will be something of a disappointment. There are four orthodox movements, treated in a very orthodox manner. An attempt, however, is made at interconnecting the various parts by repetition of the principal themes in the successive movements. Thus, the opening theme of the first Allegro forms also the conclusion of the Finale. I quote the impressive melody, as given out by the violas and a clarinet, in full:—



The four movements of the symphony are: Allegro moderato, Lento ma non troppo, Prestissimo, and Allegro moderato, followed by a final Presto. The instrumentation is very powerful, and appeared in places loud; but this may be a first impression, which better acquaintance with the interesting work will probably modify. Four songs by the same composer were sung by Herr Scheidemantel, the second of which, "The maiden and the butterfly," was the most successful, being unanimously encored.

A MUSICAL COMEDY.

A new comedy, called "A Woman of the World," with a musical personage as its leading figure, was produced on Thursday afternoon at the Haymarket Theatre, before as critical and as competent an audience as could well be assembled in London. Managers, actors, and, of course, journalists, were present in abundance; and lovers of the theatre were represented more largely even than its actual professional supporters. The principal character in the piece, which is from the pen of Mr. B. C. Stephenson, the author of "Impulse," and of many other highly successful comedies, is a certain Herr Slowitz; a philosopher, generally mistaken for a musician, but who, as a matter of fact, employs music only as a medium for making known his views in respect to Pessimism and the principles of the Unconscious; for this reason people close their pianos at his approach, and those who are really prudent lock them. The part is played by Mr. Beerbohm Tree; and it is unnecessary to add that it is played not only well but in absolute perfection. Herr Slowitz may be a type, or he may be a highly exceptional individual, he is in any case, as portrayed by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, a most amusing figure. Asked to inscribe his name in a book of autographs, and told by way of encouragement that it already holds the signature of Sir Arthur Sullivan, "Sullivan," he exclaims, "I know him not!" Observing, however, that the album contains an autograph better known to him, he condescendingly adds that he has "no objection to write his name before that of Richard Wagner." An evident impostor by the character of his mind and morals, this odd creature turns out at last not merely to have borrowed here and there a melodic theme (an offence of which so many composers have been guilty), but to have possessed himself by fraud of the entire operatic score on which he bases his reputation. Thus Herr Slowitz is not a representative musician at all. He is only a very droll specimen of the musical charlatan.

Herr Slowitz had inspired with a not very genuine feeling of admiration a young lady named Beatrice Merton (played by a charming actress, Miss Helen Forsyth) who ought, according to the propriety of things, to love Sir Geoffrey Chalmers. Sir Geoffrey, again, should, by the eternal lines of fitness, have been devoted to Beatrice, though, as a matter of fact, he has been fascinated by the charms of Mrs. Mandeville, the "Woman of the World," who gives her name to the piece. Herr Slowitz, being convicted of having stolen his great work from a deceased Pole, falls to his natural position; and Beatrice turning away from him just as Sir Geoffrey turns away from Mrs. Mandeville, the two young persons meet in one another's arms. Apart from Herr Slowitz, whose imposing figure (we use the epithet advisedly) dominates the whole piece, the work contains many interesting characters, including in particular that of Sir Geoffrey and Mr. Dudley Chalmers, represented in life-like style by Mr. Brookfield. The dialogue, too, is very well written. Far from being in the conventional style of the stage, it faithfully reproduces in tone and taste (except, of course, that it is much more witty) the ordinary conversation of the day.

"SAPPHO" AT THE OPERA COMIQUE THEATRE.

At a *matinée* given at the Opera Comique Theatre on Wednesday, for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children, a lyric drama entitled *Sappho* was produced for the first time, and received with tolerable favour by a numerous audience. The author of the poem is Mr. Harry Lobb, who has founded his story on the episode of Phaon's love for the Greek poetess, and laid his scene near Sappho's temple on the Leucadian rock, the subject of the tableau being copied from Alma Tadema's celebrated picture. In what fashion Mr. Lobb has executed his share of this one-act musical piece it is hard to say with exactitude, inasmuch as the book was not printed, and the performers did not further assist matters by a clear enunciation of their lines. But it was possible to perceive that the author had approached his task in a Gilbertian vein—indulging now in flowing strophes and passionate outbursts, now in modern colloquialism and cynical utterances of an every-day type. His version of the myth represents Sappho pining among her maidens for the love of man, and treating with scorn the protestations of an old boatman, Phaon, the sole male companion of her exile. Phaon, who worships Sappho, prays to Aphrodite to grant him youth once more, if only for a year. The goddess of beauty complies, and gives him her zone to wear, telling him to never part with it on pain of becoming old again. Now that he is young and handsome, Phaon turns the tables on Sappho by reject-

ing coldly her proffers of love, and showers his attentions on her two fairest maidens. Fascinated by a beautiful Fauna, Phaon delivers up the zone given him by the goddess, and instantly is deprived of his youth. At the same time Sappho, in despair, throws herself from the rock, and Phaon, perceiving his folly, throws himself after her; the episode concluding with the apotheosis of the pair. The music written by Mr. Walter Slaughter for this short scene, consists almost wholly of orchestral phrases, more or less appropriate in character, accompanying the spoken *melodrama* of the chief personages. There are very few vocal numbers, and none of importance. Those most worthy of note are a pretty opening chorus, Phaon's scena, "I sing to Love," and a tuneful trio, "Our hearts are young." The instrumentation is graceful and refined, and plays by far the most conspicuous part in the scheme of Mr. Slaughter's somewhat original undertaking. The effect of the whole cannot be described as unsatisfactory; nor can it, on the other hand, be credited with particular artistic value or interest. Mr. Hayden Coffin, as Phaon, and Miss Grace Arnold and Miss Madge Shirley as Daphne and Irene, bore off the musical honours of the performance; while Miss Harriet Jay, as the un-vocal Sappho, delivered her lines with earnestness and power.

MARCHETTI'S "RUY BLAS" AT LIVERPOOL.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The production in English of *Ruy Blas* by Mr. Carl Rosa at the Royal Court Theatre, on the 4th inst., attracted an unusual amount of attention, and the theatre was crowded to overflowing by an audience at once representative and discriminating. The opera was written by Marchetti especially for La Scala, Milan, where it was produced in April 1869, and at once attained an unquestionable success. It was afterwards performed in the chief continental cities, as well as in the Court Theatre at Cairo, where Madame Parepa Rosa undertook the leading rôle; and it has been seen in London under the direction of Mr. Mapleson, who also played it in America, with Madame Marie Roze in the part of the queen. The story which is, of course, based upon incidents in Victor Hugo's novel, and will not require recapitulation here, has been put into English form by Mr. William Grist. The English libretto of *Ruy Blas*, by Mr. W. Grist, can neither be recommended for the directness of its story nor the grace of its lyrics. Leaving out of the question the want of poetic thought and imagery in verse and recitative alike, it is further marred by such slipshod rhymes as "know not" and "cannot," "love" and "remove," and the like. The first act represents a chamber in the royal palace at Madrid, and opens with a fiery aria, in which Don Sallust heaps maledictions upon the head of the Queen, Donna Maria, by whom he has been disgraced and exiled; and this is followed by a duet with the tenor, Ruy Blas. A charmingly-written quartet brings the scene to a close; and the second scene opens with a delicate chorus for the ladies of the Court. Following this, the Queen sings an aria contrasting the freedom of her German home with the constraint and loneliness of the Spanish Court; and a quaint and pretty ballad for Casilda, a maid of honour, leads up to the finale, which includes a strongly-written chorus. The second act, laid in a council-chamber in the palace, commences with a scena for the Queen, wherein a delicate recitative, accompanied by some elegant writing for the orchestra, forms an important feature. A quarrelling chorus, full of melody, succeeds, and leads up to the strongest feature in the work. This is a long and passionate duet between the Queen and Ruy Blas, which has not inaptly been likened to a similar scene in *Les Huguenots*. The scoring here, both for the voices and for the orchestra, is of a high order of merit, and introduces a *leit motif* which is sparingly but effectively used throughout the work. The return of Don Sallust at this point brings about another powerful duet, after which the scene changes to the Throne-room of the Palace, upon which the curtain falls. The third act is laid in a chamber in Don Sallust's mansion, and is by far the strongest, both in dramatic action and in music. It opens with a flowing recitative for Ruy Blas, which gives place to a delicious aria, commencing "My heart to sorrow is fated;" an arietta for Casilda follows, and this, from its melodic charm and graceful construction, formed one of the most effective numbers on Thursday evening. A dramatic trio for the Queen, Ruy Blas, and Don Sallust follows, and the finale is reached in a powerful duet between the Queen and Ruy Blas, in the course of which the lover takes poison as the only means by which he can clear the path for the woman to whom he is so strongly attached. The writing throughout is full of melody and grace, and some of the numbers are of great beauty. The weakest point is the recitative, but even here the orchestral accompaniments are always interesting, while the *ensembles* are massively constructed. The rendering of the opera was excellent from beginning to end. As Donna Maria, Madame Marie Roze brought to bear upon the character an amount of dignity and fervour which she has never before excelled, and the arduous vocal portion was rendered with power and grace. Mr. Valentine Smith has previously played the part of Ruy Blas in Italian, and accordingly is well acquainted with its vocal and dramatic requirements. His principal air gained a vociferous encore. As Don Sallust, Mr. Leslie Crotty fairly surprised his admirers, for not

only did he render the vocal portion with energy and elegance, but he invested the action with an amount of fire and passion for which he has scarcely before had credit. The Casilda of Miss Marion Burton was another pleasing feature of the evening, and her arietta in the third act received a double encore. Miss Jenny Dickerson as Donna Giovanna has very little to do, but that little is accomplished with all the finish which denotes the true artist. In the other minor parts, Mr. Hallen Mostyn, Mr. W. H. Burgon, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. H. Beaumont appeared with effect; and the members of the chorus rendered their portion with spirit and correctness. The score makes great demands upon the executive skill of the orchestra, but, under the guidance of Mr. E. Goossens, this portion of the music was given in a manner worthy of the highest praise. The opera was mounted with unusual magnificence, and if the emphatic verdict of the initial audience is any criterion, *Ruy Blas* will become one of the favourite pieces of Mr. Rosa's *répertoire*. At the close of the performance, not only had all the principals to make their appearance, but the audience was not satisfied until Mr. Rosa and Mr. Goossens had appeared before the curtain. Mr. Rosa brought his Liverpool season to a conclusion, on Saturday last, with performances of *Fadette* and *Maritana*. During the five weeks some fifteen different works have been presented. Of these *Fadette* and *Ruy Blas* have been seen for the first time in England, while *Nadeshda* has been introduced to a Liverpool audience, and *The Marriage of Figaro* has also been seen here for the first time for many years. Several new singers have been heard, chief among these being Mr. Valentine Smith (once known to Italian opera as Signor Fabbrini), Miss Vadini, and Miss Buano.

Prospective Arrangements at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

ST. PAUL'S.

SATURDAY, February 13.—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Stanford), in B flat; Anthem, "Jesu. Lord of life and glory" (Naumann), No. 908. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Prout), in D; Anthem, "Judge me, O God" (Mendelssohn), No. 332.

Notes for the week following.—SUNDAY (*Sixth after Epiphany*), February 14.—Morning: Te Deum, &c. (Prout), in F; Holy Communion (Prout), in F. Evening: Magnificat, &c. (Foster), in A; Anthem, "Whoso dwelleth" (Martin).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, February 13.—10 a.m.: Service, Barrow; Anthem, No. 83 (Rev. vii. 12), Blow, "Blessing and glory," from "I beheld." 3 p.m.: Service, Barrow; Anthem, No. 462 (Ps. ciii. 1), Wesley, "Praise the Lord, O my soul."

SUNDAY, February 14 (*Sixth Sunday after Epiphany*).—10 a.m.: Service, Goss in F, Jub. and Contn., King in C; Hymn after Third Collect, No. 100. 3 p.m.: Service, Attwood in F; Anthem, Nos. 196, 191 partly (Exodus xv. 14), Sullivan, "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord"; Hymn after Third Collect, No. 88.

Notes and News.

LONDON.

The second concert of the Clapton Philharmonic Society, under the conductorship of Dr. Gordon Saunders, was given last Wednesday at the Morley Hall, Hackney. The programme included Niels W. Gade's *Psyche* and G. A. Macfarren's *May-day*. The chief vocalists announced were Miss Fusselle, Miss Rose Dafforne, and Mr. W. G. Forington. This society was established about eighteen months ago.

Mr. Eugene d'Albert's new Symphony in F, and Brahms's Fourth Symphony will be performed this season at the Richter Concerts.

The Sacred Harmonic Society under Mr. Cummings, announced for last night a performance of *Mors et Vita*. Chief vocalists, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley.

At the close of the present season, Mr. Manns intends to issue a complete list of all the works performed at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society is giving a series of concerts whose merit entitles them to a rank above the ordinary class of suburban entertainments. On Monday evening last a successful performance was given, in the presence of a large audience, of Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty*, in which the artistic rendering of the various parts, by Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hope Glenn, and Mr. Edward Lloyd was highly appreciated. Dr. J. F. Bridge's *Rock of Ages*, and a miscellaneous selection, contributed by the same artists, completed the programme.

At Mr. Franke's next Chamber Concert, on Tuesday, Feb. 23, at Princes' Hall, the "Toscanische Rispetti" (popular songs of Tuscany), by Julius Roentgen, are to be sung by the vocal quartet. We believe that this work has never been performed in England, and it is said to be very effective. The Love-song Waltzes, by Brahms, are to be repeated at the same concert. By general desire they will, however, again be sung in the original German, and not in English, as had been proposed.

At a meeting of the quaint little society, called the "Sette of Odd Volumes" held on Friday, Feb. 5, under the presidency of Mr. J. R. Brown, F.R.G.S., an interesting paper was read by Mr. Burnham Horner, "organist to the Sette" on organ writers of the 18th and early part of the 19th centuries. Mr. Horner's name is well known in his profession. He holds at the present moment the position of assistant organist at Hampton Court Chapel Royal; and is well qualified to treat on this special subject. His lecture was illustrated by a collection of books on organ music, of which a catalogue was presented: he also gave several recitals from the music of Avison and Wesley on a fine chamber American organ. Dr. Hopkins of the Temple spoke of the pleasure the paper had given him, Mr. Horner being one of his old pupils. Mr. Martin of St. Pancras, Mr. Gilbert, Rev. W. Stainer, Mr. Hill and other Gentlemen joined the discussion.

[The unusual pressure upon our space compels us to hold over the notice of the performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch" at the Albert Hall until next week.]

PROVINCIAL

BATH.—In the Grand Pump Room a "special" concert was given last Saturday. During the time of Loder these performances achieved considerable reputation, and the present series, under the direction of Herr van Praag, are of a character to recall their former prestige. For an almost nominal amount, the public have access to daily performances of orchestral music which, if not always selected in accordance with classical taste, is in that respect still far ahead of popular entertainments in general. It is rendered most creditably by a band of good quality, which Herr van Praag hopes may eventually be enlarged to meet the requirements of those compositions which now have to undergo arrangement. Interspersed among the daily performances are the "special" ones, that already mentioned being of the latter class. Two overtures were played—Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri," and Suppé's "Poet and Peasant"; the 'cello obbligato in the latter gaining for the performer, Mr. van Gelder, great applause; as did his solo, Servais's Fantasia, "O cara memoria." The band also played a valse, and an operatic selection, and concluded with a descriptive piece—a hunting scene by Bucalossi; the last-named, in which the performers seem to be suffering from an attack of hydrophobia, yelping, &c., having the excuse of being given "by desire." The Concertstück of Weber, for piano and orchestra, was greatly appreciated. Miss Kate Milne, to whom was assigned the part for the solo instrument, being deservedly re-called. Mr. Ten Brink ably accompanied the 'cello solo and the songs. The Pump Room was very full. —The Orchestral Society gave on Monday last week a successful concert, the first of their third season. The society's president is Major Allen, and they have an influential list of vice-presidents and subscribers. The band numbers thirty-eight performers, including a professional principal in each department, and Mr. Struse, of the Pump Room, is the leader. Haydn's "Clock" Symphony was the central object of the programme, while a selection from *Faust* exhibited the skill of the principals in solo playing. The overtures to Auber's *Zanetta* and the *Zampa* (re-demanded) of H. Rold, with the popular march from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, were also given; the whole performance showing the great improvement the members of the society have since their formation achieved. Congratulation upon so satisfactory a result should not be withheld from Mr. H. T. Sims, their painstaking conductor. Miss Dwelley, a promising contralto of the Royal Academy, was the vocalist. She was recalled after each appearance. —The Quartet Society, which claims to be the oldest existing of its kind, having already been piloted through twenty-nine seasons by its enthusiastic secretary, Mr. Harris, gave one of its concerts on Tuesday last. The executants were Miss Charlotte Davies, Herren Josef Ludwig and van Praag, and Messrs. R. Blagrove and Whitehouse.

CAMBRIDGE.—An interesting concert was given by the University Musical Society, on Wednesday the 3rd inst. at the Guildhall, when Schumann's Adventlied, and Mendelssohn's splendid eight-part Psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," were excellently sung by the Society's chorus, which has of late improved very considerably in some respects, notably in the strength of the soprano. The relative weakness of the tenors and basses is a defect that is inseparable from a university choir, on account of the constant fluctuations in the number of the male singers, and of the fact that undergraduate voices have seldom reached such maturity that their tone is purely musical. But in spite of this, last week's performance was singularly good. The soli in Schumann's work were allotted to four amateur members of the society, Mrs. Stanford, Miss Johnson, Mr. W. Marshall and Mr. Belcher, all of whom acquitted themselves creditably. The orchestral accompanists were on this occasion replaced by the excellent organ accompaniment of Mr. Walter

Parratt, who subsequently played a "Toccata concertata" in E minor by Bach, and by way of encore, another kindred work of at least equal difficulty and effectiveness. Mrs. Stanford sang Mr. Hubert Parry's beautiful song "My true love hath my heart," and her husband's "Sweet spring-time" one of the freshest and brightest of his group of songs from *The Spanish Gypsy*. Mr. Marshall sang two of Dorich's "Zigeunermelodien" in excellent style. On March 19, the choral works are to be repeated, but with orchestral accompaniment.

GLASGOW.—The last Popular Orchestral Concert took place on Saturday, February 6, in presence of an immense audience. The programme of the last concert is each year arranged according to a system of voting, by which the supporters of the concerts themselves decide what is to be performed. The *plébiscite* originated in 1877, with Dr. von Bülow, whose influence on the musical culture of our city was important and lasting. In recent years, however, the *plébiscite* concerts have acquired a rather monotonous resemblance to each other, owing to the fact that the public rings the changes on a very small number of favourite orchestral pieces and ignores whatever is new or less well-worn. This year again, Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overtures headed the list of votes—a very good selection if it were not for its too frequent repetition. As a long list of new and interesting works every year is offered for competition, it is now suggested that some of the old favourites should for a time be shelved, in the hope that by so doing the flagging enterprise of the public may be stimulated. The programme on Saturday further included Mr. Cowen's Suite, "The language of flowers"; a Romance for strings by Mozart; the "Pilgrim's march," from Berlioz's "Harold Symphony" and the Weber-Berlioz "Invitation to the Waltz"—the latter a work also invariably met with in the *plébiscite* concert programme. The solo-viola part in the "Pilgrim's march" was admirably played by Herr Hermann Ritter. Miss Bertha Moore made her *début* in Glasgow at this concert, and pleased the public by the sympathetic quality of her voice. Her choice of music, however, Donizetti's aria, "O Luce di quest' anima," and Tosti's hackneyed "Good-bye" was not universally approved of.—At the City Hall, on the same night, an entertainment was given in which Mr. Snazelle, late of Mr. Carl Rosa's company, took part, and delighted a crowded audience by his singing and dramatic recitations.—At the Orchestral Concert of Tuesday, February 9, Miss Bertha Moore was the vocalist, and Mdlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, solo-pianist (her first appearance at these concerts). The pianoforte solos were Chopin's Etude in F, No. 8, Mendelssohn's Romance in A, and Handel's Gigue. Mdlle. Kleeberg also gave an admirable rendering of Beethoven's Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in E flat, No. 5.—The remainder of the programme included F. Corder's Concert overture "Prospero," and Schubert's Grand Symphony in C. Mr. Manns conducted.—Thursday evening, February 11, being the last Subscription Concert, the chief event of the season was announced to take place, viz., the performance, under Mr. Manns's conductorship, of Dvorak's dramatic cantata *The Spectre's Bride*, with Miss Annie Marriott, Messrs. W. Winch and John Bridson in the principal parts.

PLYMOUTH.—The second concert of the season 1885-6 given by the Plymouth Vocal association, took place at the Guildhall on Wednesday last week, and consisted of a successful performance of Haydn's *Creation*. The band and chorus were conducted by Mr. F. N. Löhr, and the local journals speak in terms of high praise of the manner in which the solo vocalists, Miss Robertson, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. A. L. Willis, fulfilled their task. There was a large audience.

FOREIGN.

Mr. Cowen's cantata *Sleeping Beauty* is to be given in Paris by the Concordia Society on the 4th of next month. This will probably be the first time that an English composition of this class is performed in France. The translation into French of the libretto has been undertaken by Mdlle. Augusta Holmès. The same composer's suite "The Language of Flowers" is also to be given in Paris at one of the Colonne Concerts, and his "Scandinavian Symphony" at Liège on March 6th.

Massé's *Une Nuit de Cléopâtre* is to be produced next month for the first time, at the Hamburg Stadt Theatre, on the occasion of Frau Rosa Sucher's benefit.

The libretto of the new opera upon which Eugene d'Albert is at work, is written by himself.

On the 29th of last month a concert, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans' Fund, was given by the *Hofcapelle* at Meinigen, under the direction of Dr. Hans Bülow, which fact contradicts the rumour that the pianist had abandoned his post at the head of that famous orchestra in a "huff."

The Society of Classical Church Music in Stuttgart gave a concert on the 23rd ult. under the conductorship of Professor Faiss. The most important features of the programme were the "Seven Words" of Heinrich Schütz, Bach's "Reformation Cantata," and Handel's organ concerto and "Jubilate." The soloists were Fraulein Müller, Frau Schuster, Hrn. Balluff and Hromada; Organist, Herr Krauss.

Beethoven's *Fidelio* will be produced by the Impresario Lamperti, at the Apollo Theatre, Rome. It will be the first performance of the work in Italy.

The Berlin Wagner Society will this year again celebrate the day of Richard Wagner's death by a commemoration festival, to be held at the Philharmonic Concert Hall. Frau Rosa Sucher and Herr Ernest from the Hamburg Stadt-Theatre have promised their assistance.

Ignace Brüll is writing the music for a ballet which is to be produced at the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna.

The production at Antwerp of M. Jules Barbier's unpublished opera, *Bianca Capello*, music by M. Hector Salomon, has been a great success. The work is founded upon an episode in the history of the Dukes of Florence towards the end of the seventeenth century, and both music and libretto are very dramatically conceived. The principal characters were sustained by MM. Cossiza, Seguin, Guillaubert, Jouhanet, Kinnel, and Mesdames Delpreto and Remi.

It is said that the tragedienne, Ristori, has written a volume of "Recollections" which will be published simultaneously in four different languages: Italian, French, English, and German.

The "Symphonic legend" *Rubensahl*, music by M. Georges Hüe, and words by MM. G. Cerfbeer and C. de l'Eglise, which gained the prize at the musical competition of the city of Paris, will be performed at the Colonne Concerts towards the end of this month. The principal rôles will be undertaken by Mme. Caroline Salla, Mdle. Salambiani and M.M. Auguez, Jourdain, Delmas, and Soum.

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